The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, had failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Valiant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Valiant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Valiant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Valiant for the first time. Valiant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. The yearly tournament, a survival of the jousting of feudal times, is held at Damory court. At the last moment Valiant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists. He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katherine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia. The tournament ball at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Valiant as queen of beauty. Valiant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged. Katherine Fargo, determining not to give up Valiant without a struggle, points out to Shirley how terrible it would be for the woman who caused the duel to meet Valiant, who looks so much like his father. Shirley, uncertain, but feeling that her mother was in love with the victim of Valiant's pistol, breaks the engagement.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

The inquiry was drowned in a shriek from several children in unison. They scrambled to their feet, casting fearful glances over their shoulders. The man who had been lying behind the bush had risen and was coming toward them at a slouching amble, one foot dragging slightly. His appearance, indeed, was enough to cause panic. With his savage face, set now in a grin, and his tramp-like costume, he looked fierce and animal-like. White and black, the children fled like startled rabbits, older ones dragging younger, without a backward look—all save Rickey, who stood quite still, her widening eyes fixed on him in a kind of blanched fascinated terror.

He came close to her, never taking his eyes from hers, then put his heavy grimy hand under her chin and turned her twitching face upward, chuckling.

"Ain't afeard, d——n me!" he said with admiration. "Wouldn't skedaddle with th' fine folks' white-livered young 'uns! Know who I am, don't ye?"

"Greef King." Rickey's lips rather formed than spoke the name.

"Right. An' I know you, too. Got jes' th' same look ez when ye wuzn't no higher'n my knee. So ye ain't at th' Dome no mo', eh? Purkle an' fine linning an' a eddication. Ho-ho! Goin' ter make ye another ladyess like the sweet ducky-dovey that rescooed ye from th' lovin' embrace o' yer fond step-parient, eh?"

Rickey's small arm went suddenly out and her fingers tore at his shirt-

"There He Goes!" He Said With Bitter Hatred.

band. "Don't you," she burst in a paroxysm of passion; "don't you even speak her name! If you do, I'll kill you!"

So fierce was her leap that he fell back a step in sheer surprise. Then he laughed loudly. "Why, ye little spittin' wile-cat!" he grinned.

He leaned suddenly, gripped her wrist and covering her mouth tightly with his palm, dragged her behind a clump of dogwood bushes. A heavy step was coming along the wood-path. He held her motionless and breathless in this cruel grip till the pedestrian had passed. It was Major Bristow, his spruce white hat on the back of his head, his unsullied waistcoat dappled with the leaf-shadows. He stepped out briskly toward Damory court, swinging his stick, all unconscious of the fierce scrutiny bent on him from behind the dogwoods.

Greef King did not withdraw his hand till the steps had died in the distance. When he did, he clenched his fist and shook it in the air. "There he goes!" he said with bitter hatred. "Yer noble friend that sent me up for six years t' break my heart on th' rock-pile! Oh, he's a top-notcher, he is! But he's got Greef King to reckon with yit!" He looked at her balefully and shook her.

"Look-a-yere," he said in a hissing voice. "Ye remember me. I'm a bad one ter fool with. Yer maw foun' that out, I reckon. Now ye'll promise me ye'll tell nobody who ye've seen. I'm only a tramp; d'ye hear?" He shook her roughly.

Rickey's fingers and teeth were clenched hard and she said no word. He shook her again viciously, the blood pouring into his scarred face. "Ye snivelin' brat, ye!" he snarled. "I'll show yer!" He began to drag her after him through the bushes. A few yards and they were on the brink of the headlong ugly chasm of Lovers' Leap. She cast one desperate look about her and shut her eyes. Catching her about the waist he leaned over and held her out in mid-air, as if she had been a kitten. "Ye ain't seen me, hev yer? Promise, or over ye go. Ye won't look so pretty when ye're layin' down there on them rocks!"

The child's face was paper-white and she had begun to tremble like a leaf, but her eyes remained closed.

"One—two—" he counted deliberately.

Her eyes opened. She turned one shuddering glance below, then her resolution broke. She clutched his arm and broke into wild supplications. "I promise, I promise!" she cried. "Oh, don't let go! I promise!"

He set her on the solid ground and released her, looking at her with a sneering laugh. "Now we'll see ef ye belong here or up ter Hell's-Half-Acre," he said. "Fine folks keeps their promises, I've heerd tell."

Rickey looked at him a moment shaking; then she burst into a passion of sobs and with her face averted ran from him like a deer through the bushes.

CHAPTER XXX.

In the Rain.

Shirley stood looking out at the rain. It was falling in no steady downpour which held forth promise of ending, but with a gentle constancy that gave the hills a look of sudden discomfort and made disconsolate miry pools by the roadside. The clouds were not too thick, however, to let through a dismal gray brightness that shone on the foliage and touched with glistening lines of high-light the draggled tufts of the soaked blue-grass. Now and then, across the dripping fields, fraying skeins of mist wandered, to lie curdled in the flooded hollows where, here and there, cattle stood lowing at intervals in a mournful key.

The indoors had become impossible to her. She was sick of trying to read, sick of the endless pacings and purposeless invention of needless tasks. She wanted movement, the cobwebby mist about her knees, the wet rain in her face. She ran upstairs and came down clad in a close scarlet jersey, with leather gaiters and a soft hat.

Emmaline saw her thus accoutered with disapproval. "Lawdy-mercy, chile!" she urged; "you ain't goin' out? It's rainin' cats en dawgs!"

"I'm neither sugar nor salt, Emmaline," responded Shirley listlessly, dragging on her rain-coat, "and the walk will do me good."

On the sopping lawn she glanced up at her mother's window. Since the night of the ball her own panging self-consciousness had overlaid the fine and sensitive association between them. She had been full of horrible feeling that her face must betray her and the cause of her loss of spirits be guessed.

Her mother, had, in fact, been troubled by this, but was far from guessing the truth. A somewhat long indisposition had followed her first sight of Valiant, and she had not witnessed the tournament. She had hung upon Shirley's description of it, however, with an excited interest that the other was later to translate in the light of her own discovery. If the thought had flitted to her that fate might hold something deeper than friendship in Shirley's acquaintance with Valiant, it had been of the vaguest. His choice of her as Queen of Beauty had seemed a natural homage to that swift and unflinching act of hers which had saved his life. There was in her mind a more obvious explanation of Shirley's altered demeanor. "Perhaps it's Chilly Lusk," she had said to herself. "Have they had a foolish quarrel, I wonder? Ah, well, in her own time she will tell me."

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There was some relief to Shirley's overcharged feelings in the very discomfort of the drenched weather: the sucking pull of the wet clay on her boots and the flirt of the drops on her cheeks and hair. She thrust her dog-skin gloves into her pocket and held her arms outstretched to let the wind blow through her fingers. The moisture clung in damp wreaths to her hair and rolled in great drops down her coat as she went.

The wildest, most secluded walks had always drawn her most and she instinctively chose one of these today. It was the road whereon squatted Mad Anthony's whitewashed cabin. "Dah's er man gwine look in dem eyes, honey, en gwine make 'em cry en cry." She had forgotten the incident of that day, when he had read her fortune, but now the quavering prophecy came back to her with a shivering sense of reality. "Fo' dah's fiah en she ain' afeah'd, en dah's watah en she ain' afeah'd. Et's de thing whut eat de ha'at outen de breas'—dat whut she afeah'd of!" If it were only fire and water that threatened her!

She struck her hands together with an inarticulate cry. She remembered the laugh in Valiant's eyes as they had planted the roses, the characteristic gesture with which he tossed the waving hair from his forehead—how she had named the ducks and the peacock and chosen the spots for his flowers; and she smiled for such memories, even in the stabbing knowledge that these dear trivial things could mean nothing to her in the future. She tried to realize that he was gone from her life, that he was the one man on earth whom to marry would be to strike to the heart her love and loyalty to her mother, and she said this over and over to herself in varying phrases:

"You can't! No matter how much you love him, you can't! His father deliberately ruined your mother's life—your own mother! It's bad enough to love him—you can't help that. But you can help marrying him. You would hate yourself. You can never kiss him again, or feel his arms around you. You can't touch his hand. You mustn't even see him. Not if it breaks your heart—as your mother's heart was broken!"

She had turned into an unbeaten way that ambled from the road through a track of tall oaks and pines, scarce more than a bridle-path, winding aimlessly through bracken-strewn depths so dense that even the wild-roses had not found them. In her childish hurts she had always fled to the companionship of the trees. She had known them every one—the black-gum and pale dogwood and gnarled hickory, the prickly-balled "button-wood," the lowly mulberry and the majestic red oak and walnut. They had seemed friendly and pitying counselors, standing about her with arms intertwined. Now, with the rain weeping in soughing gusts through them, they offered her no comfort. She suddenly threw herself face down on the soaked moss.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "I love him so! And I had only that one evening. It doesn't seem just. If I could only have him, and suffer some other way! He's suffering, too, and it isn't our fault! We neither of us harmed anyone! He isn't responsible for what his father did—why, he hardly knew him! Oh, God, why must it be so hard for us? Millions of other people love each other and nothing separates them like this!"

Shirley's warm breath made a little fog against the star-eyed moss. She was scarcely conscious of her wet and clinging clothing, and the soaked strands of her hair. She was so wrapped in her desolation that she no longer heard the sound of the persevering rain and the wet swishing of the bushes—parting now to a hurried step that fell almost without sound on the spongy forest soil. She started up suddenly to see Valiant before her.

He was in a somewhat battered walking suit of brown khaki, with a leather belt and a felt hat whose brim, stiff with the wet, was curved down visor-wise over his brow. In an instant he had drawn her upright, and they stood, looking at each other, drenched and trembling.

"How can you?" he said with a roughness that sounded akin to anger. "Here in this atrocious weather—like this!" he laid a hand on her arm. "You're wet through."

"I—I don't mind the rain," she answered, drawing away, yet feeling with a guilty thrill the masterfulness of his tone, as well as its real concern. "I'm often wet."

His gaze searched her face, feature by feature, noting her pallor, the blue-black shadows beneath her eyes, the caught breath, uneven like a child's from crying. He still held her hands in his.

"Shirley," he said, "I know what you intended to tell me by those flowers—I went to St. Andrew's that night, in the dark, after I read your letter. Who told you? Your—mother?"

"No, no!" she cried. "She would never have told me!"

His face lighted. With an irresistible movement he caught her to him. "Shirley!" he cried. "It shan't be! It shan't, I tell you! You can't break our lives in two like this! It's unthinkable."

"No, no!" she said piteously, pushing him from her. "You don't understand. You are a man, and men—can't."

"I do understand," he insisted. "Oh, my darling, my darling! It isn't right for that spectral thing to come between us! Why, it belonged to a past generation! However sad the outcome of that duel, it held no dishonor. I know only too well the ruin it brought my father! It's enough that it wrecked three lives. It shan't rise again, like Banquo's ghost to haunt ours! I know what you think—I would love you the more, if I could love you more, for that sweet loyalty—but it's wrong, dear. It's wrong!"

"It's the only way."

"Listen. Your mother loves you. If she knew you loved me, she would bear anything rather than have you suffer like this. You say she wouldn't have told you herself. Why, if my father—"

She tore her hands from his and faced him with a cry. "Ah, that is it! You knew your father so little. He was never to you what she is to me. Why, I've been all the life she has had. I remember when she mended my dolls, and held me when I had scarlet fever, and sang me the songs the trees sang to themselves at night. I said my prayers at her knee till I was twelve years old. We were never apart a day till I went away to school."

She paused, breathless.

"Doesn't that prove what I say?" he said, bending toward her. "She loves you far better than herself. She wants your happiness."

"Could that mean hers?" she demanded, her bosom heaving. To see us together — always — always! To be reminded in everything—the lines of your face—the tones of your voice, maybe—of that! Oh, you don't know how women feel—how they remember—how they grieve! I've gone over all you can say till my soul cries out, but it can't change it. It can't!

Valiant felt as though he were battering with bruised knuckles at a stone wall. A helpless anger simmered in him. "Suppose," he said bitterly, "that your mother one day, perhaps after long years, learns of your sacrifice. She is likely to guess in the end, I think. Will it add to her pleasure, do you fancy, to discover that out of this conception of filial loyalty—for it's that, I suppose!—you have spoiled your own life?"

She shuddered. "She will never learn," she said brokenly. "Oh, I know she would not have spoken. She would suffer anything for my happiness. But I wouldn't have her bear any more for my sake."

His anger faded suddenly, and when he looked at her again, tears were burning in his eyes.

"Shirley!" he said. "It's my heart, too, that you are binding on the wheel! I love you. I want nothing but you! I'd rather beg my bread from door to door with your hand in mine than sit on a throne without you! What can there be in life for me unless you share it? Think of our love! Think of the fate that brought me here to find you in Virginia! Think of our garden—where I thought we would live and work and dream, till we were old and gray—together, darling! Don't throw our love away like this!"

His entreaties left her only whiter, but unmoved. She shook her head, gazing at him through great clear tears that welled over and rolled down her cheeks.

"I can't fight," she said. "I have no strength left." She put out her hand as she spoke and dropped it with a little limp gesture that had in it tired despair, finality and hopelessness. It caught at his heart more strongly than any words. He felt a warm gush of pity and tenderness.

He took her hand gently without speaking, and pressed it hard against his lips. It seemed to him very small and cold.

They passed together through the wet bracken, his strong arm guiding her over the uneven path, and came to the open in silence.

"Don't come with me," she said then, and without a backward glance, went rapidly from him down the shimmering road.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Evening of an Old Score.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!—Major Bristow's ivory-headed camphor-wood stick thumped on the great door of Damory court. The sound had a tang of impatience, for he had used the knocker more than once without result. Now he strode to the end of the porch and raised his voice in a stentorian bellow that brought Uncle Jefferson shuffling around the path from the kitchens with all the whites of his eyes showing.

"You dog-gone lazy rascal!" thundered the major. "What do you mean, sah, by keeping a gentleman cooling his heels on the door-step like a tax-collector? Where's your master?"

"Fo' de Lawd, Major, Ah ain' seen Mars' John sence dis mawnin'. Staht out aftah breakfas' en he nevah showed up ergin et all. Yo' reck'n whut de mattah, suh?" he added anxiously. "'Peahs lak sumpin' preyin' on he mind. Don' seem er bit hese'f lately."

"H-m-m!" The major looked thoughtful. "Isn't he well?"

"No, suh. Ain' et no mor'n er humin-bud dese las' few days. Jes' hangs eroun' lonesome lak. Don' laugh no mo', don' sing no mo'. Ain' play de pianny sence de day aftah de ball. Me en Daph moght'ly pestered 'bout him."

"Pshaw!" said the major. "Touch of spring fever, I rackon. Aunt Daph feeds him too well. Give him less fried chicken and more ash-cake and buttermilk. Make him some juleps."

The old negro shook his head.

"Doesn't That Prove What I Say?" He Said, Bending Toward Her.

"Moghty neah use up all dat mint-baid Ah foun'." he said, "but ain' do no good. Majah, Ah's sho' 'feahed sumpin' gwineter happen."

"Nonsense!" the major sniffed. "What fool idea's got under your wool now? Been seeing Mad Anthony again, I'll bet a dollar."

Uncle Jefferson swallowed once or twice with seeming difficulty and turned the gravel with his toe. "Dat's so," he said gloomily. "Ah done see de old man de yuddah day 'bout et. Ant'y, he know! He see trouble er-comin' en trouble er-gwine. Dat same night de hoss-shoe drop offen de stable do', en dis ve'y mawnin' er buhd done fly inter de house. Das' er mighty bad hoodoo, er mighty bad hoodoo!"

"Shucks!" said the major. "You're as loony as old Anthony, with your infernal signs. If your Mars' John's been out all day I reckon he'll turn up before long. I'll wait for him a while." He started in, but paused on the threshold. "Did you say—ah—that mint was all gone, Unc' Jefferson?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAROONED FOR THREE WEEKS

Starving Man Found on a Small Island in Lake Erie by a Fishing Party.

Middle Bass Island, Ohio.—That he was taken to Middle Sister island, Lake Erie, and left there three weeks, by a man who said he owned the place and who left him food enough to last a week, at the expiration of which time he promised to be back, but failed to put in an appearance, is the story told by Henry Adair, fifty, who says he lives in Detroit, brought here by members of a fishing party who rescued him.

Members of the party, fishing in Lake Erie off Middle Sister island, isolated near the Canadian line 17 miles from here, were attracted by the frantic waving of a shirt. Drawing closer, they discovered Adair. He was pale and emaciated. All he had left of his store of food was a few crusts of bread.

Adair told his rescuers he could not recall the name of the man who had put him on the island, taking him from Put-in-Bay in a rented power boat, as he had never met him until just a short time before he was accosted in Detroit and asked if he wanted employment. He said he was supposed to have been employed to look after the premises, although he found on arriving on the island there was practically nothing to look after.

WALDENSIAN CRURCH IN ROME

New Edifice in Eternal City Was Presented by Mrs. John S. Kennedy of New York.

Rome.—The Waldensian church has planted itself in the Eternal City, says the Literary Digest. In February a new church edifice, presented by Mrs. John S. Kennedy of New York was dedicated. Standing on the Piazza Cavour, it is called by the Record of Christian Work (May) "a noble stone structure, the finest Protestant edifice in Italy." Moreover:

"The decoration of the pulpit within includes paneled figures of Luther, Calvin, Savonarola and Arnold of Brescia. At the dedicatory services were present the representatives of the Waldensian church from all parts of Italy and of all the evangelical churches of Rome, together with many notables — Professor Schiaparelli, Romolo Murri, Senators Bodio and Soulier, the minister of Holland, etc. Interesting was the prologue to Pastor Muston's address, when one considers the persecution to which the Scriptures were subjected in ancient times. Ascending to the pulpit, the great Bible in his hand, he said:

"'In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit we place on the pulpit the book of truth. May it never be removed thence! Revelation of the

Rome's New "Church in the Valley."

thought and will of God, may it ever be guide and counselor of the masters of truth who from this place announce to the people the science of this life and of that which is to come! In the words of Paul, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be . . . thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'"

BUILD BUNGALOWS AT PRISON

English Convicts of Improving Character to Have Two-Room Houses Erected for Them.

London.—At Camp Hill prison, several two-room bungalows are being built for the accommodation of prisoners whose characters are apparently improving under preventive detention.

In each bungalow there will be a living room and a bed room. The new buildings will be surrounded by a high boundary wall, but the prisoners occupying them will have more license and privileges than before.

MANY REPTILES CROSS SEA

Liner Merion Brings Snakes, Toads, and Frogs—Go Without Food for Months.

Philadelphia.—More than 50 snakes, 50 dozen toads, and two and a half bushels of frogs arrived on the American liner Merion from Liverpool. None of the lot had eaten anything for a month, and apparently had slept all of the way across the Atlantic. When the hatches were opened, however, and sunshine penetrated the vessel's hold for the first time in two weeks there was every evidence of life, and all the reptiles seemed to want to get ashore at the same time.

Test of Normality.

Chicago.—"A little dog ran up the street. It had brown curly hair, short legs and a long tail." If you can repeat this after reading quickly you are normal, according to Dr. W. J. Hickson, head of the psychopathic laboratory recently established to aid the municipal court.

Grocer Gets $10 Counterfeit Bill.

St. Louis—When A. F. Fischer, a grocer, received a $10 bill bearing a picture of Champ Clark where one of William McKinley should have been, he took it to a bank, where it was declared counterfeit.

MYSTERY OF SPHINX

French Savant Says It Once Wore Head Ornament.

M. Hippolyte-Boussac Declares It His Belief That Foundations for Top Piece Formerly Rested in Cavities in Crown.

Paris.—Since the discovery more than a year ago of deep cavities in the crown of the Sphinx of Gizeh, Egyptologists have debated much as to the purpose which caused their construction. The suggestion that the great vacant spaces were intended for galleries or chambers has been disputed and the question has assumed almost the importance of a second riddle of the Sphinx.

Now comes P. Hippolyte-Boussac, formerly a member of the Oriental institute of Cairo and a distinguished architect, with what may be the solution. In a learned article in illustration he argues that the cavities contained the foundations for the head ornaments which, he believed, adorned the Sphinx.

"Every god of Egypt wore on his head a symbolic ornament, intended to designate his character," writes M.

The Sphinx Looked Like This Some 3,500 Years Ago, Says a French Egyptologist.

Hippolyte-Boussac. "On the head of Ra, or Ammon Ra, were a solitary disk and two tall feathers. Representations of the head of Isis frequently show a disk between two heifer horns, surmounted by the inscription As, representing her name. Nowre-Toum's head was decked with a full-grown lotus, from which emerged symbolic feathers.

"Thoth, the god of sciences, letters and arts, was often shown with the head of an ibis, having a wig with lappets, surmounted by a disk and a crescent. Examples might be multiplied; similar characteristics appeared among the other gods in the pantheons of the Pharaohs. With very few exceptions, these attributes are not confined to one divinity exclusively. They serve as emblems marking the roles played by each god. The Pharaohs themselves made use of them in the performance of certain religious ceremonies.

"The Sphinx was the image of the god Harmakhis—the sun at its setting—a divinity essentially funereal in aspect. Thus is explained his place in the necropolis at Memphis. As with the other Egyptian gods, his head was surmounted by a symbolic ornament, usually the Atew, or disk of the sun, which was worn also by Osiris, the god of the dead. This ornament consisted of a white crown with two ostrich plumes, a solitary disk and two rams' horns.

"It is know that the great Sphinx of Gizeh was cut out of a high cliff on the edge of the Libyan desert. The ancients were unable to fashion the head ornament while sculpturing the figure out of the mass of rock, but added it later. This process is sometimes followed in the case even of statuettes. It was necessary to dig deeply into the head in order to insure the stability of the lofty ornament which surmounted it. This was the purpose of the cavity which has been discovered in the head of this Sphinx.

"As the ornament was not monolithic, but was formed of superimposed strata, it must have been comparatively frail. It was threatened by the lightning, the rain, the sandstorms and winds of the desert. It did not figure at all on the bas-relief of the Sphinx in the time of Thotmes IV, in the eighteenth dynasty, which was shown crouching on a lofty pedestal. Doubtless in this epoch—about 1600 B. C.—the ornament already had been destroyed. The Sphinx was then more than 2,500 years old—older than the Parthenon of our day—and in this long stretch of centuries the symbolic accesory might well have fallen, victim to the ravages of the elements.

"In the temple of Djebel-Barkal the disks, placed much lower and apparently being less frail, which surmounted the heads of the other sphinxes, also have disappeared, although they had been carved out of the same block. When, in the sixteenth century before our era, Thotmes IV restored the great Sphinx, doubtless he considered it inadvisable to replace an ornament which had not proved durable. But the lappets, of which no trace remains today existed then, in part, at least. They are indicated in a bas-relief of the eighteenth dynasty."

Goes to Dinner in Aeroplane.

Chicago.—Finding he would be late for the dinner given in honor of Lincoln Beachey at the Aero club if he traveled in any other way, Jack Vilas, a wealthy local sportsman flew to the club in his hydroaeroplane with a guest.

Haymarket Survivors Dance Tango.

Chicago.—Ninety-odd survivors of the famous Haymarket riot in 1886 cast aside the solemnity of previous anniversaries at their annual gathering and danced the tango.

MAN GUIDED BY HIS IDEALS

If Clean and Definite, Success in Life May Be Said to Be Assured From the Start.

A human being without ideals is as worthless as a ship without a rudder. As surely and confidently as does the rudder guide the ship, so do clean, definite ideals guide and shape and complete a successful career.

There is never any progress without an objective point.

If you are building a business, and have carefully formulated honest ideals toward which you are to proceed, there can be small question as to your success. Failure may mark the way, but your ideals will keep you in the right direction where ultimate winning is certain to be reached.

As soon as you learn the ideals of a man, you know the man.

It is impossible to find a really great man or woman or business that does not literally reflect in all directions, for every worthy ideal seems to be gifted with millions of reflecting rays.

We are each of us responsible to society and the world in general for our ideals.

Worthy ideals, earnestly sought and sincerely carried out, credit a man on into posterity, but unworthy ideals discredit and unharness a man here and now. Formulate your ideals with others in mind. Measure not success in the immediate. Make your ideals so high that they will not only lead you on and up, but all about you.

Poor, But Proud.

A lady who is a district visitor became much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish.

Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the starting and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am and the nature of my business with you."

"They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran. "Do they ask you about it?"

"Indade they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, OI do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"OI just tell thim," was the calm reply, "that ye are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Author's Queer Costume.

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's contemporaries describes the author: "His hair was smooth and parted in the middle and fell below the collar of his coat; he wore a black flannel shirt, with a curious knitted tie twisted in a knot; had Wellington boots, rather tight, dark trousers, a pea jacket and a white sombrero hat. But the most astounding item of all his costume was a lady's sealskin cape, which he wore about his shoulders, fastened at the neck by a fancy brooch, which also held together a bunch of half a dozen daffodils. I think these final touches to his toilet must have been added by loving hands without his knowledge or consent."

Just Suit Him.

"What pawt have you—aw—we served foh me, Miss Coachem?" asked young Sapleigh of the fair manager of the amateur theatricals.

"Why, really, Mr. Sapleigh," she replied, "I'm afraid I've overlooked you, and all the parts have been assigned. Oh, by the way, there is still the part of the heroine's father. I think that would about fit you."

"The pawt is weally of little—aw—consequence, doncher know, just so I'm one of the—aw—actahs," said Sapleigh. "What am I—aw—supposed to do in the pawt?"

"Well," answered the manageress, "as the heroine is supposed to be an orphan, I'm afraid it will be necessary that you should remain dead."

Maine's Historical Career.

Maine was not an independent state until long after the adoption of the constitution. During the revolutionary war it was a district of Massachusetts, and as such furnished its quota of soldiers, but they were credited as Massachusetts troops. The first three censuses of the United States, taken in 1790, 1800 and 1810, gave the population of the district of Maine as a part of Massachusetts. In 1820 it was separated from Massachusetts, made an independent state, and was admitted into the union. Vermont was not one of the 13 original states which adopted the constitution in 1787-89, and was not admitted to the union until 1791. As a colony it furnished its full quota of troops during the revolutionary war, but its boundaries were in dispute with Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York claiming jurisdiction, and pending the dispute Vermont did not get into the union as one of the original states adopting the constitution. It was not represented in the convention that framed the constitution.

A Pity Indeed.

Elihu Rot, in his superb Fifth avenue apartment overlooking Central Park, was talking about a famous artist whose wife had divorced him. "It seems he didn't treat her well," said Mr. Root. Then he added: "All geniuses are egoists. It's a pity the rule doesn't work both ways."